

early Feb. 2006

lunes

if og uh
ooga ooga orange juice after
acid ochre ease

—

Suddenly "Betty" launched
into yet another jeremiad about
time's proper place.

—

'Twas brillig in
my slithy tove, so I
calloo-callay beamishly

—

Jeffrey Robinson was
eating Necco wafers and reciting
Chatterton's complete works.

—

This museum obscures
its message with the variety
snackpack it purveys

—

"One more time!"
Carlos cried in stilted English
Music Hall cadences.

—

What if you
saw the wood in the
bottom of it?

—

Where the woodpecker
pecks wood, there's where we
dropped our pants

—

Wilkie Collins had
four white napkins of linen
framed and hung.

—

Framed and hung,
Wesley walked from house to
matte-board, smirking broadly

Chexs-Mix, for one--
filet of tilapi for another,
as well as...

—

Under the table
where the stable boy lurks
she discovered Paradise.

by Elizabeth Robinson & Jack Collom
at the Trident

—

Let's leap to the top of Popocatepetl, or
Add our efforts toward climbing Yxtaxiuatl, or yet rest
Under the ecstatic manic Voice of the Xtabay where,
Glowering there, before our eyes, resting as we did--the green eyes of the
 axolotl glowered

Half lit with antique relic flame, half reflective of
Incan honeybees migrating north to Tlaxcoco
(Not, however, to Xochimilco), where Xerxes eloped with Xanthippe, having
Gotten betrothed under the billboard of a Mexican Texaco.

Going to Mexico was sexier than expected for the antique pair,
Over whom all the lights of Mexicali and Calexico twinkled as they made their
 whirling honeymoon tour,
And segued up to Texas for the Oedipus Rex Festival.
Thus their eyes were extirpated and they lived thenceforth in blind bliss.
 Allelujah: eternal ecstasy.

--Elizabeth Robinson & Jack Collom

Once upon a worm so weary, weary,
Worming its way along the way to the Bay of Fundy,
Held at bay along a long day, I swam amid buskers and anxieties
Forming a mall. The banks (buildings) did gently maul what fell among them,
Yes, amid the bidding banks and biding pedestrians nigh onto the banks of
 bucolic Boulder Creek,
So that the scene echoed and shone with what I'd seen so often shown: a
 herd of, yes,
World Bank spelunkers hopping, hopping from cavern to boulder and back,
 where echoed the infamous,
Yes, world itself, the one that's whirled around our nose, hopping from
One worm's defaced carcass to another worm's upturned snout, whirling in the
 ultimate world-weary jig,
A jig that still upturned the products of the psychic still inside the
 stillness...
And even distilled the psychic humus of old worms and sad worms within the
 world's bait can.
Sad? As I reflect, the even and odd intertwine so oddly my sense of humus
 thinks up a bait and switch.

--Elizabeth Robinson & Jack Collom

Road 'n' Rep

The road came out of nowhere...
and yet we out-rode the blasted road.
It reminded me of the time I rowed all the way to Ratón,
on that liquid road which so reminded me of a certain Nowhere...
where I rode the waves uncertainly from almost Anywhere.
And, it is true, the crest of the Marine road rises improbably and uncertainly
over the cranberry bogs of Almost Heaven, West Virginia.
I tried to ride these bogs, but, alas, a bog is not a road,
and so I've sunk, preserved and petrified in bog juices these many millennia
as an asphalt road hums overhead.
I don't feel "sunk" though. I feel roads flow up, around, and down, all at once,
like a Roman road through the bogs of Britain, flowing up through the labyrinth
or down through the drain of a disused sink.
So I'm roamin' whatever psychic flow, or whatever starburst of various "roads,"
asterisk out from...
Thus the road ends, as does time itself, with an asterisk.

* From the first wiggle to boiling point and beyond.

Tucumcari, NM

"What's There?"

Is where the Dairy Queen has sticky floors and the wait-staff wear red and white
hats that are puffy on top.
Pablo Morales de Futuro and his sister Emerald.
A large rocky butte visible from I-40 as you head west from Amarillo.
An echo of the great Amarillo breakfast of gay eggs tucked between two pancakes.
These Emerald especially relishes, to Pablo's shame, as he plies her, instead,
with green eggs and ham.
A dog that slinks about and looks like every other dog.
His name is Sam-I-Am.
And on this dog there lives a flea. Se llama Linda.
"!Que huevos verdes, Sam-I-Am!" says bonita Linda.
Pero el perro no dice nada. He just rolls the dice.
Here, in Tucumcari, the butt is the butt of the joke, but says nothing.

(continued)

What's there? The road within the road. Se llama Camino Real,
where llamas graze contentedly, loitering on our Royal road.

by Elizabeth Robinson & Jack Collom

5-29-2007

If WE don't watch out,
 "car" will no longer rhyme with ARE
 and, in fact, ALL rhymes will fail to act,
 for the addict ADDICTED addictively to several addictions
 is, prima facie, addicted TO repetition, not to mention repetition,
 as in: oil overflowing OIL, its greasy rainbow in the gutter,
 yes, give us lovelyMOMENTS, even as they smear
 our tire treads and POWER, with the blackest humor
 the world has seen: TECHNOLOGY, that clownish abstraction.
 Strangely, it offers all COLORS, the full spectrum,
 although, from a distance, UNIFORMITY, not beauty, appears,
 clumsy with SURPRISES, with entreaties,
 with all of the above AND, most of all, despite all,
 orange blossoms & LOVE.

SONNET

The sunlight slices off the top of the mountain,
 Leaving a flat field rich with coal;
 Yes, and a coal fire where hoboes boil coffee in a can
 Will crumple, douse itself, fall in a hole--

And, once drowned, the fire resurges, green sparks
 Filling the sky with CO₂, O woe,
 Until the fumes leave the sky in complete dark
 And some intergalactic demon laughs, Ho ho.

The demon laughs, Ho ho, the long O of bravado
 Echoing through the nitrogen thirty miles up,
 And thirty miles down, where miners' black lungs glow,
 The canary dies, as does the experimental pup.

O look after the peaks' yellow sunlight, and its hidden canary
 And all worldly things that, still unearthly, vary.

SONNET

5 November 2008

Elizabeth Robinson & Jack Collom

I woke up this morning with a big election--
So happy to anticipate you;
But the color "blue" doesn't mean dejection:
It's an ecstatic, a beautiful hue!

And Obama's speech was solid yet nuanced, like a rock
Bounced off Jesse Jackson's face.
"Yes we can, yes we can, yes we can," intoned Barack,
"We can have politics that goes beyond hockey, or race."

"But there are no Negroes in the NHL!" screeched Sarah.
"God love 'em for that!" responded Joe
The Plumber, who doesn't know what the puck (oops, error),
Whereupon Biden collared the guy and told him to go

Plumb sumpin he could understand.
Down the U-bend he went, to a place he was more in demand.

Dialogue by Elizabeth Robinson & Jack Collom, 20 May 2009 (Dot's Diner)
Georgia O'Keefe and Frank Lloyd Wright

PURCHASING A PET

GO [calling out]: I'll be ready in a minute, as soon as my latest hunch dries!

FLW [musing to himself]: I prefer greyhounds with their high, narrow haunches. The shape of speed...

GO [running downstairs]: Frank-O, I feel a young mama sloth might do the trick. Can you get the door?

FLW: The door, yes. I was thinking something in teak with a thistle motif-- highly stylized, of course--~~would~~ set off your adobe walls. But as for a "mama" sloth, there's the problem of offspring--

GO: Teak--that's what I love about you. And offspring exist on their varying levels, as I'm sure you realize, dear.

FLW: Maybe a brindle or something in blue merle? [still abstracted]
Do sloths by any chance lay eggs? I do like that matte, off-white effect. Or maybe egg-and-dart trim?

GO: Sloths, unlike architects, don't lay eggs. Shall we bicycle or take the pickup truck? I think the truck is more inductive, don't you?

FLW [looking up, startled]: Georgia--that dress! I think not. Why not that simple black frock you've been favoring lately?

GO: How reductive of you to ask for it again. But I'm thinking of a chameleon now instead of a sloth. Bring your cane, honey.

FLW: Cane indeed. Have you been reading Jean Toomer again? Give me your hand, dear, your lovely hands. I'm going to suggest to Stieglitz that he snap a few photos of them.

GO: Maybe you'd like my hands as your pet. But then what shall I have to cuddle? Oh Frank, why don't you construct a pet for us? Just remember to be careful about the heat-stress ratio.

FLW: The mistress ratio?
Are you accusing me of impropriety?!
Perhaps we find ourselves at odds, and odds are not stable construction.

GO: Indeed they are. My cactus-shimmers display more scale than your collapse-into-the-creek monstrosities. Let's get a nice white lab rat.

FLW: As you wish, my dear: rats to you. And as to the rest, it's all-- how does one say it? Water under the bridge? Falling Water?

Sonnet

EZEKIEL

The fabric is as smooth as butter,
Which isn't (of course) entirely smooth,
Though surely less gritty than what flows in the gutter,
Depending on its contents: trash or sooth.

Ahem: trash or sooth. Here indeed is the problem:
That they cross and form both truth and sash
Or shush! a butter-don't-melt-in-his-mouth stratagem
To which a microscope would seem quite rash.

Meanwhile, the butter residue on your lip shines as grease,
As if to say, "I am? I only seem
What I am, as if I am, as this shiny film recedes
Into itself." "Fabric" is only the steam

And, stirred within this crock, our substance congeals
The impulse to concentric ferris wheels.

You see before you an untouched plate of huevos rancheros.
He stomped out, and left a cloud of dust behind his silver jeep.
The huevos rancheros shine like a fulfilled sun in the blue sky above
the Flatirons.
Did she foot the bill?

Do they share a checking account?
Could you love a man who drives a silver jeep? She was dressed all in black.
She moved her ENTIRE breakfast to an adjoining booth!
Do you work best in the morning or at night? Apparently

morning.... She'd turn her blonde head and snap appropriate (?) remarks--
"Maybe he'll come back," she says at the counter as she pays. Meanwhile,
a party of three men strolls in, looks at the uneaten food
and settles into the adjoining booth.

"Are you warm, are you real, Mona Lisa?"
After a blah techno pop tune, the radio warms up with a love song, and
a college student strolls in carrying a copy of The Ballad of the
Sad Café.

Meanwhile, we've been examining contemplative education....

PART II

If only I had left room, I could have had another Huevos and a latté:
This is my lament. This is the ballad of the uneaten breakfast.
I could see her face harden as she paid at the counter....
The foam on the latté fizzes as it sits in the sunlight.

Their voices had risen and risen until she
hopped into the next booth, taking her breakfast with her (see above).
He was forced to stare at
the back of her blonde head, like a maintenance man in a museum.
"Mona Lisa, Mona Lisa, men have..." sings Nat Cole in the background.

"You're so like the lady with the mystic skile."
Except blonde. And with the impeccable posture of an angry woman.
"...Or just a cold and lonely, lovely work of art?"
Did she leave a good tip? A yellow plastic menu slides over, landing
on top of the huevos rancheros.

--by Elizabeth Robinson & Jack Collom